

**ANGSTY TEENAGE
POEMS COMPILED**

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Foreword

A collection of cringey poems I wrote as a youth with all the accompanying feelings of angst and persecution. For some reason it feels more proper to put these out then push them into the dustbin of non-existence.

Happy Poppy

This flower! its bloom, its blossom so bright!
The yellow! How brilliant! I sleep with it tonight
It gives me sweet dreams, my happy poppy
I dose with the light as I close my eyes and the moon becomes bright

Floating Flower

Me, for her, I'll wait a while
And this feeling is great, this feeling that fills me
This love, I ponder, as I sit beside the Nile
As I watch the journey of a passing lily

This fallen cherry blossom follows a frightful stream
By this river of Japan I await my love
By this river as I cry in a place exquisite serene
As my hope flies away (the hawk spots its prey from above)

As I watch this stream so dark, dark, red
The river Styx is an evil that does devour
And this death, so dead is... dead?
And we have lost sight of that floating flower

What Is To Be Seen

Now... I close my eyes and lightly touch sleep
It makes me an offer of temporary peace
Once I close my eyes I am halfway there
But to drift further, I do not care

Not awake, in a conscious peace
Not asleep, in a nonfictional dream
Not here, without relief
Not there, without grief

Now... my eyes do not count if they are open or closed
Why would it matter if I don't see or do
How... can I perceive without looking for what is to be shown
Then... can I know what was never taught to be known

Peace... everyone seems to oppose
Would it help if they all knew
But how... if it was never taught to be known
The answer... was never shown

Wake up, then forget all you have come to know
Asleep, and remember
Perhaps... in between... do not think of what is to be seen

The Abyss

And this hole that swallows - so big and wide
Such evil - such awesome power - what is this?
And our soul is lost - it must be somewhere inside
But I've searched - and it's too big - this terrible Abyss

And I've tried - and I've pried - and I've lied - and I've died
Yet - alas - I can find no meaning in this
This mystical force - which I term - the Abyss

Only in this dark energy there is true peace
Yet I've tried - and I can find no such relief
How do I dive - then - into this headfirst?
My spirit has run dry - it will die of thirst
I won't mourn - my eyes see only a mist
Only when I no longer care - will I know the Abyss

I Have Tried

I have tried, and succeeded, in living this life that I must embrace
But somewhere along the line my soul became full of holes
Somewhere I lost my petty greed, and I could no longer carry any weight
...Potential that abated due to the cost of awaited regret of those who prematurely call themselves 'lost'

But I will wait, if only to leech, off those that no one can teach...
Off those who will never even try... to do more than die
And if in this somehow I can repair my soul to make it invulnerable
Then maybe now, I wouldn't stare so plainly as time takes its toll

With the pain and power, that could be this very hour
I must gather the energy that surrounds me
I must steal the chi that isn't mine, and begin my slow incline
And if I fall it will be fast, but this 'one more chance' will be my last

All I've Ever Done

Excuses are too common for me
Justifications are everywhere they could be
Wasting time... then find a way to defend...
All I've ever done was pretend

I could stare at that painting for hours a day
But the talent would not rub off on me
I could criticize others to show them the proper way
But if I look for the answer myself, the solution is too obscure to see

All I'll ever do
Is based upon what others have done
And when the race is won
I never knew... it was me, but I thought it was you

Everything that I create
My eyes won't allow me to see
But perhaps it can be helpful to thee
...And I'll never know what was made

For all the art I've tried...
All the types there are to choose...
For all the art I've pried...
I can only lose.

But if in doing so I can create...
An intense play of fate,
Then perhaps my death will be...
The only art that I can see.

At Quiet

At quiet he stops and wonders how it would feel
To be caressed into a peaceful mood by her
To be held by the breast of a beauty too real
And he might ponder whether he could love this girl

But the days... creep by
And the night creeps in
Pain does not ask why
Nothing is left for him

At quiet she cries as sleep creeps near
She wishes, in vane, to know her lover
Yet she resists the change... without fear
The night rides deep into the other

But the nights... steal by
And desolation finds its stay
Then her soul will cry
And life? It will be wished away

The Soul

She (an abused) and I (an accused) together are whole
But together we are only one soul
It is no pleasure that we bring to one another
But we numb the pain as lovers

Pleasure surely is not just alleviation of pain
But in suffering, pleasure cannot be sustained

Shall I pick a batch of violet flowers
To slowly pass by this hour?
Shall I sink into a dream of what I wished was real
To see how much time it would steal?

Hold me tight, the only one I've ever loved
And shine bright, lonely moon above
And kiss me upon the lips today
For we shall no longer go on this way

Cold

As night begins its fall
My might begins its fail
My sight loses its clarity

As the cold sweeps I hear the call
Death, the bold, starts its sail
And life, I am told, has lost sincerity

Now, I am old
I used to be strong
Now, I am cold
It has been so long

Death, its goal nearly complete
Life, my soul, cannot compete

From the lips of a warrior who was once so strong
Life, its grip does not last very long
And we will know when we are old
Because the night feels so cold

Silence

People - they move their lips without a sound at all
If they would stop and think they would know - silence - is the loudest call
People - they would understand the pain if they tried
These people - live without living a life
People - oh, how quick they criticize
These people - perhaps with time they would realize
People - if they would listen, perhaps, they would hear the soul's dire call
And if we listen - silence - is the loudest voice of all

A Blade Without A Sheath

It's been years since I've cried and considered to try,
But I must face this thing inside.
My training is hard, but this is my only course in life,
And in the life I must face, she, will never be my wife.

All this pain to try to forget that beautiful smile,
But it's not too bad, and I've been at it awhile.
I must forget her though, to keep my concentration,
My life must be focused, my mind needs the emancipation.

It's been so long since I whispered her name and cried,
But the desire is still hidden somewhere inside.
I'm a warrior, one day I'll fall to the blade,
And no one will be there to wish I was safe.

One day I'll fall, and that's how I'll attain my peace,
But for the rest of my days I know I'll be...

A warrior without breath...

An inch away from death...

Everything I never wanted to be... me...

A blade without a sheath.

Even Now

Even now I can feel it near though it is long since gone
Even now I can hear her scream although it's been so long
One cannot forget the sound a virgin makes as she dies in pain
One cannot forget how pitiful the sound when a virgin cries for the slain

Even now I can feel it, though it's long since past
One cannot forget such sins, they shall always last
When a child runs into the battlefield, shall we strike him?
And if a father chooses to yield, did he die in vain for his kin?

Even now I can hear it, the ghost's song
Even now they haunt me, though its been so long
The cursed now have a conscious to live by
And the ghosts no longer cry
The cursed do not get such an easy chance to die
One death is not enough... to repay so many lives

Even now... the images of infants slaughtered as livestock
Even now I cannot forget a child's shock
...The cruel twist in the peaceful life that has passed
...The comfort of *life* that was his past

Even now... through the pain of it all
I only regret that I somehow cared about what I saw
Even now... my only regret...
Is that I feel remorse, to those my sword has met

Even now I have not inflicted enough pain
...To make me feel whole again
Even now... I cannot remember my passed love's smile
And my revenge on these people might take a while

The One To Live, The One To Die

Those eyes... those eyes!
The hosts do not move, but study (with the eyes)
Who is faster? Who wields the sword as a master?
Who will be the one to live, and the one to die?

Fifty-fifty? Not by a long shot
This battle is decided on the better taught
This battle is decided on the one with the best skill,
The most power, the most precision, and with the most will

A life will be lost with a little negligence on one's part
A life will be the cost of a small mistake or lack of speed and precise
Too much arrogance never knew when to start
And one will be the victor, the other will give his life
One will have to give, the other will have to sigh
One will have to live, the other, he may die

How long will they stand there, just staring into one another's eyes?
Do they see skill, or can they see the secrets of each other's life?
It will end much sooner than began, much sooner than the stare lasted
It will end with a dirty and clean blade, one was too fast
Now we know who lived, and who had to die

The One That Lives

Blood... if not before my eyes...
Death... always in the back of my mind
Now I sit... awake? alive?
Now I bleed... then I die?
My body half-dead
My sword bleeds?
Throbbing in my head...
Another day I live, kill; another deed

Often when I sit alone
I think of all that could be
I think of the blossoms that fall
One day, truth will be shown
A new era, people can be free
And peace, here for all

Then, I smile and stand up with all my power
A new dawn shall be bought with bloodshed
I wonder who will decorate the graves with flowers
When peace comes, but all are dead

Be precise in battle
Bind your soul to the sword
Breathe, feed it blood, give it life
Forget about all that mattered at all
Or you might just care... and...
You might begin to cry
Then, you will be the one to die

The Ocean

The ocean calls as night doth fall
It calls us come to it.
As we approach the ocean shore it whispers more
It dares us come to it.
We stick our toes in and it calls again
It bids us come to it.
We wade to our knees and it begs us please
It implores us come to it.
The water doth now touch our thigh it begins to cry
It needs us, shall we go to it?
We go a little further in and begin to swim
She loves us, we shall sleep with her.
And as we do our vision grows dim,
As our skin turns blue the ocean no longer stirs.
We have arrived, we have arrived at it!

The Birth (A New Sort Of Christ)

The birth, the birth of a new sort of Christ
One who lives and feeds on lives
One who knows and feels more than you would believe
This new sort of Christ has a new sort of needs

No one knew Death until it was too late
No one knew desire until it fed on the heart
If our love is deceived, then our soul will abate
Then we live as the cursed until a new life will start

No one knew Christ until they died
So no one ever needed a god in their life
But perhaps a god is needed in death
A new sort of Christ, born of some god's breath

The Beach

Does the ocean call our names?
Does it play such funny games?
Let's go there, just you and me.
Let's go there, and we will see.

Does the deep see call our names?
Shall we play such risky games?
Let us swim out further to see,
Who should drown, you or me?

Does the sea-floor call our names?
Does it play such query games?
Let's swim to the bottom, you and me.
Will we make it back up? We'll see.

Do those dark clouds threaten rain?
Can we make it back to the main?
Let's swim fast, you and me.
Who should tire first, you or me?

Do those naughty sharks like to tear?
Let's swim closer, over there...

Does the land now call our names?
We'll come back to the beach soon, another day.

Drifting and Dreaming

Like the waves that flow from my pen,
Like the lyrics that flow through your head,
You were all that I could ask for, and more.
You are more impossible to touch than a person can seem,
Or was I just drifting and dreaming?

The alarm clock rings in my head - she's gone,
But she's got to be somewhere, out there.
More beautiful than angels dare dream - she kissed me,
Or was I just drifting, dreaming?

"Get up!" I shout as water hits my face.
"Shut up!" she says as if to tease me.
"I've got you," she whispered into my ear.
"I want you," I whisper but there's nothing there.
And everything that seems to be what I see is gone.

Like the blood that runs through my pen,
Like the waves that crash in my head,
Is all really what we see or what it seems?
Or am I just drifting and dreaming?

Life isn't what you see it to be,
It's just a state of drifting and dreaming.

Or Will She Love Me?

It would feel great, to loathe, to hate that beautiful face
It would be an ecstasy so true, to know she feels the same way too
I know her not, yet she haunts me so
Her skin, it must feel smooth!, I cannot let go
Tell me you hate! Break this cursed spell, this pain I feel, this pain, this hell!
So close to insanity, tell me this time!
I cannot expose my love, hate me so I will not try
My heart so frail to such a beautiful face, break it now or love me, and allow me the taste
This feeling! Its pangs of emotion!
The need to kill, or love, either, such a powerful devotion
I'll flip a coin, which way shall it be, shall I destroy now or will she love me

My Lonely Place

Oh the things I would do to have you with me here!
...The infinite things I would do to hold you near!
This devotion - is it love? How can it be,
When I love her but she doesn't love me?

This love, it is not a love of her personality
But the beauty of her face and smooth body
How it must feel to stroke and touch her skin!
But I will never be able to indulge in this sin.

But oh, would I sell my soul
For art so priceless to a demon so cold?
Alas, I'll know love but it will never know me
Years of pain is all that I will see.

If I could only touch her face once - and never again
Then to her eyes, a message, I'd send
Buried somewhere in my desolate face
I'd show her how lonely it is in my place

Pray, Stay

Pray - Fair maiden your love to me
Is more precious than my pain
Stay fair maiden, and I will give my love to thee
And in your snow-white silken dress, I will be your stain

Pray for me, sir? I am yours alone
Your affection is sincere when the world's sincerity is gone
Stay - I shall if thou will only call me yours
And thou sir, shall be the one which I adore

And now do these lovers embrace each other, in... love?
And are these affections as honest as we are led to believe?
Then perhaps these are past legends that we have once heard of
Because love is lost, and all sincerity is soon to leave

The Ghost Who Cried

I speak of a stroll made at midnight time
I found a young girl fluting by the eerie pond in the forest of lies

How doth such a sad song cause such a physical pang?
How sweet, how melancholy, the song her flute sang!

The music ceased and she wept a teary cry
With such inspiration the same happened to my eyes

Then she gazed, still teary, at the moon as if to ask
How could it betray her, why must her life follow such a miserable path

Now she wept aloud and quickly took leave
Yet I called to her to cease such grief

How fast a small frame ran!
Yet I was swift and snatched gently her hand

When she turned her face shone with a brightly smile
Then her figure faded in a ghostly style

Know I'm Always Thinking of You

With lips so close yet so far away
The time has come, I can no longer stay
I leave you pure, it's the hardest thing i'll ever do
Try to forget me although it's true...
When you can't, know I'm always thinking of you

I love you more than anyone will ever do
The feeling is mutual, I know that's true
But find happiness otherwise, i'll never be able to
Try to forget me, this way it's better for you...
When you feel low and discouraged, know i'm thinking of you

I must leave because I love you,
Do not act like you do not understand when I know you do,
Just kiss me goodbye - I'm always thinking of you

The Rest of My Life

As I now lay by your side I wonder why
Why can't I have had you all of my life?
It's night, you're long asleep as I begin to cry
How long can I have you, how long is this life?

I'll keep you forever, if I can't I'll still try
Is there really any better time to die?
When she awakes I'll be blue, my face with a smile
I did have you! Yes, I did have you the rest of my life!

Lovers Once More

The lover is found, head bound with blades
And the killer is dead, his face frozen from lead
And she, the other lover, cries out in pain
...She cries and writhes at the fate of the slain
Cries for her lover... and dies out in pain,
Dies, as the slain, from the blade of fate
Dies so that she can be that much closer to her lover,
But would die for no other
For no other would do as she did for another
And as the blade of fate plummets into the maiden in store
The dead can now be free of pain, because his lover is with him once more

Lovers

When we met we knew it was meant to be.
A thousand heavens did not compare to what she meant to me.
Speaking was not necessary to know what the other would say.
(I dwell on her fate every second of the day.)

Deep in the forest's mountains to the north,
We snuggled by the warmth that the fire brought forth.
Love was obsolete until the two of us.
And every night we'd stare into the sky, hours past dusk.

We loved with the deepest of our hearts.
With evil envy the gods surely caused our part.
A thousand hells cannot express the pain I feel.
Death was the card that, to her was the deal.
We must be together again (I know what I must do).
With love alone I shall repair us as one by joining the two.

Pain Before Pain

I will take your pain away
Close your eyes and kiss me
Let this be the final price
Before I allow you to slip away
Close your eyes
I'll touch the flame
Say a prayer
Scream my name
I'll close my eyes when you kiss me
I'll touch the flame of the candle near
The sound of metal leaves my brain
Your voice is all I hear
Say a prayer and close your eyes and know that I always loved you
I feel the flame
The sound of metal enters my brain
I'll always love you

The Restless Soul

And, alas, she left, her former servant had told me;
My own true love, had left, promising to return to me in due time.
Wrapped carefully in a crimson scarf was a crimson apple,
Given to me by her former servant to symbolized our love,
And to remind me of those crimson lips!
I held onto the apple until decay threatened,
Then I ate it, planting the seeds in my garden;
The garden of my estate which I had lived in so long,
But had just acquired ownership of;
For, alas, my dear parents had died,
Leaving me all alone in the world,
With only the company of my faithful servants.

And that crimson scarf,
Which is woven so tightly and delicately of silken fabric, represents our love,
Our feelings so precisely intertwined,
One thread so dependent on the other that without it the thread would be without solidity, without substance,
But merely an amorphous pile.
She had left our small town, so perfect and secluded from all the evils of the world,
To visit the deathbed of her mother in faraway Europe.
Would the boat sink on her voyage?
Would she contract her mother's illness?
Would some chance accident occur and take that crimson luster from her lips with the life from her body?
She had promised to return.

For many and long years I would dwell upon hope for her safe return whilst nursing
My apple seedling into trees.
The longer she kept away the more bitter I grew.
As my temper became worse and less controllable,
I turned from a kindly young man into a wretched adult.
My servants would become intimidated and flee my presence, soon after, leaving, never to return.
As I became all the more bitter life around me shrank;
The people of my town grew weary of the ever-present and growing aura which came from my gloom,
And they left, never to return.
Vegetation became withery and died;
Yet my apple trees prospered to represent mine and her's undying love.
The apples became only sweeter to represent that true love can only grow sweeter in time,
Regardless of death or other hardships mortals face.

She never returned.
She never will.
I know this because she has long since passed on with age, but I cannot.
I live with a heavy burden on my soul, one that death will not accept from a man.
My apple trees live; yet my forest is vacant of all good living things.
It is filled with wicked life.
The vegetation is thorny and unkind to all animal inhabitants,
The town is overgrown with such evil vegetation too.
I am alone with my thoughts, and I will live as long as my apple trees do,
And all the hate that I have had,
Shall never taint the love that we hold.

Gone, Still

That sound! What is it that floats through the air?
It is her - she has arrived - my love, my dear so fair
Her long travel is done from such a far away land
And she comes! She doth come - with an outstretched hand

She calls sweetly my name - the sound floats from her lips
She grips my hand and I wait not for a kiss
But - she is gone - and I am haunted - and my dream was - yet again - but a mist

The Waterfall

When it rains - I think of her - that is all.
I reminisce of our times - in the forest - at the waterfall.

The rain - so small - eventually great in size.
Our love - not petty! - we had nothing to hide.

Through the dark rain - yes! - I can hear her call.
She calls me to come - come meet her at the waterfall.

Through the dark woods - I walk without any other thought at all,
But of it - and her - her love - her desperate call.

Come, she says, swim in our waterfall lake.
But you're dead, I say, is this, then, my fate?

I approached as she implored, nearing the edge, forgetting the pain,
But she faded away - gone, with the last drop of rain.

Some Other Way

Night, as day...
Will go away
One day? Then return
The soul is lost,
To pay what cost?
Shall that stop us from Hell's awful burn?

The soul is sold to one god or another
And when the soul belongs to a lover,
They should hold it near.
But if they sell it alone
The betrayal is real, the love was never there... and the chance is gone
The stupid and ignorant should live and die in fear,
Because their soul is the easiest to steal
And how will the lost lover feel?
Will he trade his soul to stop the pain?

Very few hold on to what is their's
Most give up, and do not care
And what happens to those who are slain?
Some god claims them and makes them his slaves
Some god does this, to which we pray
Some god or another... but there's some other way...

In A Plastic World

In a plastic world I see
People would rather not be free
These people would rather find a reason to die
Than attempt to find any meaning in life

In a plastic world I see
People prefer plastic things
These people tend to prefer lies
Than truth, which time will bring

In a plastic American life
We help others for our selfish needs
And perhaps we have more value for weapons of spite
To protect ourselves from another's greed

In our shattered country I see
The evil is greater than one would ever think
Perhaps the plastic people are hiding something, maybe?
And the fault belongs to neither drug or drink

As a plastic soul begins to rot
We aspire only to teach others what we were taught
And one day this cheap plasticity
Will erupt into mass suicide and anarchy

In these faded colors I see
People strike out against what they wish they could be
People are too afraid to live free
And generation after generation we plant decaying seeds

Jealous of Me

If I set myself on fire
But still cannot feel it,
In Hell, will I perspire?
If I know all the shit
That I ever wanted,
I am jealous of me.
Into Heaven, I am led,
I cannot feel it, I cannot see...

Everything is the same no matter where you go
Feeling is tamed, then shattered with the more you know

With death in your face do you step aside?
Hell, Heaven, Earth, the same place, you cannot hide
Death will come, do not fear
The other side is the same as here

With the world's wisdom, without much time
I am jealous of all I came to find,
Know what no one knew, or could ever see.
Reincarnation of what was begun... I am jealous of me

The Wall

How high can I climb up the wall,
Before gravity forces my fall?
One day, perhaps, I'll see the other side.
But that's a long way off - I know - I've tried.

Yet on the other side I only hear troubling calls.
If they only knew life over here, they'd turn from the wall.
But it is clear that death is never too far away
Because on this side, Death, stays

Perhaps one day I'll cross the wall
But until that day I'll continue to fall

Nothing To Be Seen

Once upon a time
We had insight to what we desired in life
But now that our chance has come to look inside
Nothing, I say, exists in our minds

Surely, for family, we truly care?
I opened that chamber, nothing was there
All this is a lie, surely something is inside?
Laziness, greed, self-pity, despair
We open these doors, all is there

Surely we have respect for life?
I opened that chamber, nothing inside
Kindness, we have, we are not *all* so mean?
Open that door, nothing to be seen

Life, pain, power, care
Nothing is even there

Our Landfill

Our land is what we love
It was given to us from God above
With blankets from Heaven we defeated the heathens
To claim the land of God's brethren

Our land, Our God gave us this land!
We killed the devils with guns in our hands
We! The Chosen! The White Man!
Have pillaged, raped, and stolen from the Native Americans
And now this is Our land!

This is land that we raped for our needs
This land... is Our landfill
We have robbed it of its worth and we are the weeds
Our land, this land that We love, our lovely landfill

The New Oppressed Generation

We are the oppressed generation
Beaten down by the laws of our nation
We are crying, the distressed youth
And as our souls are dying we become more like you
...Willing to do anything to hide from the truth
Only to continue the evils which you do

The system has failed
Our country faces another great loss
And when your traditions have prevailed
This generation will be nailed to the cross

We are the new oppressed generation
Regression succeeded in destroying this nation
When you retire we'll take that place of yours
To destroy the hope our children hope for
To kill, destroy any hope for them, our insecurity
Since we have learned from you, fury towards true purity

We are the new hated fools of degradation
We pray for Truth's disintegration
But we are not sure that we are like you, until we nod
At the desecration of our supposed morals, and our supposed god

The Mirror

Damn that face so horrible and vile!
How horrible the evil, with such a smile!
It must be killed! Will I live in fear or...
Face that face that faces me in the mirror.

This reflection, abrupt realization,
The denial so long, I'm merely 1 in a nation.
Such evil! The end must be near or...
Can we stand the sight we see in the mirror.

This force! It consumes, blinding us from any good we may see
We look away, to the evil, it is the brave new way to be
Shall we kill? And shall we laugh? Then, shall we hate or...
Embrace ourselves, the face we are, and taste the sweet evil, love the terror in the mirror

The Last Hour

Damn that face so horrible and vile!
How horrible the evil, with such a smile!
It must be killed! Will I live in fear or...
Face that face that faces me in the mirror.

This reflection, abrupt realization,
The denial so long, I'm merely 1 in a nation.
Such evil! The end must be near or...
Can we stand the sight we see in the mirror.

This force! It consumes, blinding us from any good we may see
We look away, to the evil, it is the brave new way to be
Shall we kill? And shall we laugh? Then, shall we hate or...
Embrace ourselves, the face we are, and taste the sweet evil, love the terror in the mirror

Slowly Dying

Wasting away, my soul is crying
Here I sit, slowly dying
I've come too far to quit, I have to try
Be patient - No! That's another lie

Here I sit, slowly prying
There you lie, at least I'm trying!
There you lie, your soul no longer trying
At least I try, but we're slowly dying

A Little Too Late

I crawl 'cause I'm dying
My blood runs like rivers that are crying
I've done all the fuck I can do
And I die doing nothing I've ever wanted to do
And I feel no pity as I die with this hate
'Cause I've fucked up - and you're a little fucking late

All I've ever wanted to do - I wanna touch you
And all I've ever wanted to fuck - I wanna channel my anger through you
And all I've ever fucked - it was never fucking you

And I've tried, in this mind, to decide, to find a way to try, to make it through
But I've fucked up along the way somewhere not finding you
It's too hard to try, not to die
It's too hard to find, my way through
But I've fucked up somewhere not fucking you

I crawl 'cause I'm crying
My blood runs slow, like rivers that are dying
And here I die, what the fuck can I do
And here I die, what the fuck can I do
And here I cry, what the fuck did I do
If I knew, could I make it through?

All I've ever wanted to fuck - I wanna touch you
All I've ever wanted to fuck - I wanna taste you
All I've ever wanted to do was see it through

I've painted my body with blood, but what can vanity do?
Suck it up, fuck it all, I won't make it through
Sell my soul, who would I give it to?
Somehow I've fucked up not finding you
Somewhere I've fucked up not fucking you
Now here, I'll die with a pitiful fate
'Cause I've fucked up, and you're a little fucking late

The Betrayal Survives

Is that you? Do you finally call back to me?
It has been so long since I have called to thee
Many years I have had no reply
Did you remember your promises to me, your lies?
Do you now offer apology?
Or will you try, again, to make a slave of me?

Yes, I hear, you call back to me
Your intentions, I know, are not to let me be free
What's that? Now do I hear your pitiful cry?
I've heard it before, nice try
Did you really believe I'd let you win?
I've gotten wiser, I know, survival is sin

Is that you? Do you now cry at my feet?
It seems, it is no longer I who weeps
For so long I had been the slave of a swine
...One who had taken advantage of my hardest times
...One who bred for his own selfish needs
A person who is consumed with greed

Such greed, with a justification every step of the way!
So childish! How simple! Regression causes a foolish mind to decay
Then you feed off the weak, the ones you make stay,
The ones who cannot speak when there is so much to say?
All you have given me is what you deserve,
But now I can be the one who grins
You, my servant, shall be the one which I serve...
And I'll serve you death, survival is sin

Still The Same Old Machine

Take your things and make them clean
This pretty world isn't what it seems
Clean up the image, make it gleam
All your friends amount to fiends
Your world is made of stolen dreams

Crush my wires and make my metal gleam
Short my circuits then make my hands clean
As pretty on the outside as I could seem
But I'm still the same old broken machine

Pick those celebrity gods of which you wish you could be
Because you're too afraid to do more than dream

Resurrect my broken circuits
Fill me up with gasoline
But I'll never be what you can call pristine
If you call my pretty then I'm not what I seem
Because I'm still the same old broken machine

The Anarchist

I have been nailed to the cross for the last time
Fuck you to judge me - I've got no 'crimes'
You say I got a problem with your laws and police?
Sounds like you have the problem with me
You say I'm naive and arrogant?
You live a dream that's almost spent

Justifications of your actions is a trait of the insecure
So why does our 'perfect' society need to feel so 'pure'?
Justification of execution seems so immature
Kill the one that killed your freedom and you'll be locked up for sure

The Coliseum

The Coliseum, where the real men play
where they slaughter one another,
where they are enemies and brothers.

The Coliseum, such a majestic place?
where the gods are entertained,
where true power is sustained.

The Coliseum, where heroes fight and live,
where losers die try winning,
this place, Fate stands grinning.

The Coliseum, where mortals are made immortals,
where true sports are played,
this place, strength, valor, and intelligence are payed.

The Coliseum, what more can humans give?
this place, is surely like no other,
this glorious place, there can be no 'another'.

The Coliseum, where we live and die as mortals,
this place, where the weak and stupid die,
this place, where tears have long since been dry.

The Coliseum, here true art lives and thrives!
this place, the smart have more lives,
this place, the dumb and ignorant start to run dry,
and the winner always cries, for those who had to die.

The Critic Of Sound

Drown, did this critic of sounds?
Now he is deaf in the ears?
Too much sound... now he cannot hear

He was overcome with bliss
His soul taken by that song
Its perfection got his praise
He sank much too deep into this
But maybe that was planned all along
Then, louder and louder, the volume was raised...

...Raised until all sounds came together,
Since all sounds share a central core,
This is the place where the ears find pleasure
But who was the artist that this critic gave his hearing for?

The Critic

I am the critic - I know everything
I closely examine the things you call faint
I am the critic - yet, I cannot sing
I am the critic - alas, I cannot paint

Everything must be thoroughly criticized
This endless chore, my acquaintance, I call life
Perhaps your movements are not optimal in their design
An unnoticed mistake, I, a true critic, will surely find

Perhaps the b note is too flat, or the conduction slack
Perhaps the direction too pop, and the production off track
But I - THE BEST CRITIC - I am the only one to judge
Because I - KNOW ART - and I am fair to the ones which I have a grudge

YOUR opinion, my friend, means very little to me
Because I know art, my friend, and NEVER will I claim any other mastery.

My Creations

Silently she sleeps under the bright blue moon
Death doesn't fail... and such a blunder might not come so soon
And this art of a maiden does somehow exist
But by death we can salvage some of it
Under the cold blue water
Under the bold new ice
Now she can last longer
How wouldn't this be nice?

She cries pitifully at my door
Asking for business (this dirty whore)
I grow angry and begin to turn her away
But I see more, I need that face!
"Come in" I say then we drink some tea
I sit and fantasize that we loved one another
What a life it would be...
If she... had long since know me
But such art cannot be wasted - I love her

Swim, young maiden, in my pool of time
You, I promise, will be immortal
And you will find peace, and this is no crime
And others will find peace in the portal of your face
A worthy portrait of a mortal

One day, perhaps, I will open a museum
So all the critics can come and see them
And some will gasp at the icy preservations
But those who understand art will respect my creations

American On Buddhism

Peace is not happiness, this I know
Peace is not hate
Peace is tranquility without feeling
Emotions are nonexistent, merely embraced

Devotion will not help you find peace as long as you care
If you do not care then you will not try
If you do not try... then you might find...
...Peace will be found, if you do not mind...

The Buddhist sits, he meditates
The Buddhist forgets, his goal to balance yin and yang
Good and evil
God and devil?
World and flesh?
Life and death?

Perhaps the American view should be a little broader
Perhaps there is always a little more to consider
Perhaps we should do more than nod
Perhaps we should think more like Sid

All In All

Life has a funny way of giving
Very little we want when we want it
But when we forget and go on living
All that we want we seem to get
Perhaps this is because we remember little of what we desired
Or perhaps we only faked that we stopped to aspire
So whatever may come my way I'll be there
And it does seem rather fair

A peaceful life is much to ask
And if I try I probably won't find it
But if I try to forget my aspirational task
Peace might just be what I will get
All in all, the pieces are there
And somehow, it all seems fair

Love, to be connected, does not seem too unreasonable I hope
But hope is a device that merely helps us cope
The truth of the matter should be apparent at this time
Only true love can be found when it is not in mind
Only when need is not pursued can you hope to find
What it was that you truly desire, so you do not have to compromise
This, so that you do not have to be content with something you never desired
All this because one does not gain by telling oneself lies
And, so you will never deviate from what your soul aspired
All in all, it all seems difficult to grasp
But in this difficulty respect is masked
All in all, the impossible seems fair
The need is gone and peace is now there

Nowhere Else To Go

To understand peace of mind I have tried everywhere there is to go
I've tried it fast but it really only works slow
I cannot remember the first time I had given up on life
But something always pulls me back into the fight
Some charisma deep inside
Pushes me to fight for life
All this time there is little I know
There really is nowhere left to go

Deep inside some chasm of my mind
If I look here I just might find
A reason to live life
Perhaps the way to get something we want is to not want it the least
Then what shall we do when it falls at our feet?
If we search through the chasms in mind's wall
We will find there is only room to fall
But maybe deeper in the mind
We can find someday to slowly climb
All I really know...
There is nowhere else to go

House Of His

Swirling, pearly, mystical mist
What is this place you try to hide?
Desolate, dreary, house of his
Maybe we should journey inside?

Cobwebs hang low
The nitre glows
And the ancient godly busts?
These are layered with dust

Cold fills all rooms
But in this place of doom
Things were not always this way
And in a chair, upstairs, the bones of the last decayed

He sat down to pen a note
This done after there was no hope
He was the only left to succumb to time
From this plague - this disease of the mind

Perhaps before death he shed a few tears
Burying his family dismissed all fears
The tick-tock of the clock that has long since stopped used to haunt his mind
But now - I pray - he has plenty of time

So how does the sun shine so bright - yet never on this house?
A curse upon time - this disease breeds in a mouse
Perhaps there is nothing more to say...
But... it will end in its own way

Morning Time, Evening Tide

Early morning the sun shines bright
It shines a blinding bright light
It yells, as if to awaken, with a beam in my eyes
A beam of the sun, like a siren that cries...
'Get up!', do you not hear?
Or sink into the covers, with an air of drear
The creatures of the day are whimsical ones
Who play, and pray, and slay for fun
Best not go out this time of day
For the good-men of some god may take you away
But these creatures return into their lairs
As the day wears on with its tiring fares

The evening time comes when nothing dare stir
To invade on one another would cause a chaos of sorts
Those men of the day, invading on the night?
And the creatures of the night, would neither go out in day
Respect, no it seems it is worth less than fear
Perhaps, only to those who seem near

The mist creeps in once again
The midnight hour greets me as a friend
And those sounds?
Oh, nothing to fear
What is to be found?
The ghosts are here
They've given up the attempt to frighten me
I yawn at how scary they can be
Now they talk, ha, of many things
From here to there
From life to death
To everywhere
But they stop and slowly fade away
When there is nothing left to say

I Cannot Believe

All this time I swore it was at my fingertips
No, it's out of my reach, and I cannot get a grip
So how does it feel to feel like this?
I do not know, I can't believe it

The precious one (her) chooses to be raped
So then / got fucked, what else can I say?
Now my whole world has collapsed... to this!
But how do I feel!? I cannot believe it

This sensation cold as the penetrating lead
But me, the virgin whore will not leave my head
But I must not die from what she said of it
Should I cry, for this false hope to commit?
Should I die for hope to feel again?
No, no I shall not give in
...In to this shit!
But how does it feel!?!.... I cannot believe it

As evil arrogant as this mind may be
I must accept what I do not wish to believe
And in this life all that there was to achieve...
...Something that I never wanted to see
...Some feeling deep inside me
...And stuck in some deep dark pit
Is the truth, and I cannot believe it

Nothing To Fear

'As you stare at me in the face
I wonder where, where is this place?

You look into my eyes with love?
I am the only one that took you, that you dream of?

If not, then this cannot be love
If so, do you really understand the thoughts in my mind?
If not, just give me this painful shove
If so, love me for the rest of the days of our time...'

Pain and power
Rain and flowers
Death and strife
Giver of life
All these thoughts within the lover's head
Wondering if his dear understands his dread
If so, she will hold him near
And convince him he has nothing to fear

The Haunting One That Is Haunting Me

The love - do we wish it away?
The pain, the hate - this we embrace?
The isolation - only it can stay.
And her - the angel - we must forget her face.

We must live in this pain.
We must not give into her fate.

All these feelings must be pushed far aside.
This way, is the only way, we can survive.

And we kill without feeling the pain at all.
To remember is to stumble, her sight, if we recall, we will fall.

Yet, I feel something, it touches my skin
Have I become...? ...sin?
I feel strange - what is this, crawling over my skin, I see?
What is this becoming... me?
It's hard to say.
Didn't I want it this way?

And the sin prevails,
As skin turns to scales.

I must not be afraid.
I must know no pain.
I must be the haunting one - the haunting one, that is haunting me.

The Haunting One That Is Haunting Me, Part 2

Rain drops clear the tears from my eyes
I cannot go on without thoughts of her life.
Forget... she was not supposed to die.
Time... has exposed the truth from the lies.

I cannot not forget her so easily as I have tried to.
No one, perhaps, understands my solitude.

Time... will not let myself forget how much she means to me
I cannot live without her, together... we must be
My time is up... perhaps nothing can help my despair...
End... the end is near... but perhaps there is something... some secret out there...

The Castle Cries

Will you cry when you realize your castle was carved from your soul?
Through faith that is pried - the world won't survive.
Through faith that has failed - extinction will prevail.
Will you cry when you realize your castle was traded for your soul?

When so much is promised, yet little is served
Why should I believe your word?
Why should I believe another face with a smile?
You were dead long before your life expired

Am I so stupid, to believe any such shallow tricks?
To take advantage of fools so your problem is fixed?
Sympathy belongs only to the weak who tried
Not to the snakes who kill and live by lies

Your kind is the worst of all,
Kill everyone just to see them fall
Your kind is better dead physically as well
Since your soul has already been sold into hell

Your castle could be one-thousand miles wide and tall
But your greed will cause it to crumble and fall
Everything you have killed for you have killed in vain
Your castle, your soul, nothing remains

The castle cries, the sound from its heart
The castle cries, from the deepest part
The castle cries as it tells us lies,
...of all the things it should have done with its life.

Firefly

Firefly, you shine so bright
Are you the only light of dark night?
Are you a sign that a little hope has great might?
Firefly, your courage is great to shine in dark creatures' sight.

The children catch you like a glimmering star,
They hope to have you always in their jar,
But a creature like you, so free, cannot live in such a jail,
You die, when finally, your light fails.
The children, they try to keep you jarred in a prison,
As your light fails another firefly has arisen.

Firefly, you shine so bright,
You invade, rudely intrude on the evils of the night.
Firefly, do you think we shall not kill to rid us of such a sight?
Do not mock us with this 'hope' of your light.

We know, we have lived, let the demons at least have the night.
We know, we have died fighting the hopeful fight.
But we have lived, and we have failed.
And we have died and tonight, night has prevailed.

Tempt The Serpent

Not the demons in Hell, we are the ones stuck in between
We wanted our freedom, but we still wanted peace
Lucifer decided to reign in hate
Between him and God... the heavens began to separate

But us, the ones with no home... our feelings bred quick, into hate
Hate for the ones that ruined our blissful fate
So to this 'God', he will fall for our sake
And as for the other... we must tempt the snake

Our attack must be swift and clean... as we portray servants
And we must be careful when we tempt the serpent
Then, only then, can our free peace bloom
And the radicals (those two) will meet their doom

The first falls fast, he is gullible to his servants
And our bait is sin, to tempt the serpent

The Love Of Night And Day

At night we meet
She kisses these demon lips
But her's, so sweet
Heaven and Hell's eclipse
No better way to describe this love and fate
But her love is more powerful... it consumes my hate
Her love is much stronger, yet she is frail
And our love will last longer, and we will not fail

Oh moon of June, don't you shine bright?
The love of my life and I kiss by your light.
Oh stars so far, don't you shine bright?
By your bright light my love and I kiss tonight.
I, we, look to the heavens for a hopeful sight.
But hope, for evil, tell me, is that right?

She kisses me then I feel her bosom with warm delight.
My demon, my child! Shall be born tonight.

Moon of June bless this ancient ritual.
Oh stars so far you make this moment spiritual.
My love, so loving as to give a demon her hand.
Oh my love, an angel, even she understands!
My love, my sheath, my soul's only light.
My demon child is born under the stars tonight.

This night I kiss her sweet red lips
And she smiles in my cold demon face
For she loves me, a demon... and I love this
Heaven smiles as Hell changes pace
And our demon child is the eclipse our our race
Our angel child is the one to bring grace
To unite Heaven and Hell as a single place
To bring together the victims of a god's hate
Then God and Satan will share the same fate
The fate of the tyrants who prey on the weak
And a new race will breed a new peace

Adore

There was no one like Sheila
She made me feel real
She held me close when I cried
And used her blouse to dry my eyes
Never did such a pure soul live amongst men
Never was there a dearer friend...
Than Sheila, who died too young

After evil took my soul
After I no longer had control
Then I met Ava Adore
She looked so much like Sheila
Except she was my puppet
She was my whore
And one night, in a demon fit
She almost died so I could fell again
I never saw Ava after that incident

Daphne came to me in my greatest time of need
A time when I was getting rid of the demon seed
She came to me, with sorrows of her own
And I loved her, but not like Sheila, not so deep
And happiness was the only expression shown
And sweetness in our voices, when we chose to speak

But Daphne, she loved another
So I told her she should go
She should be with her true lover
He needed her to know...
Daphne was an angel
No matter how faded her wings
Daphne was so gentle
Peace... time would bring

At this point of time I had to reflect on the events of my life
I cried for those that I had loved and lost
It is hard to believe what can happen and that hope can die
For all the love, this pain was the cost
My mother died when I was born
I do not even care about her sake
Then should I feel remorse for the crown of thorns?
It was not my choice to make

Through near death in an automobile crash I saw Sheila again
She told me I must hold on a little longer
She said that we would always be friends
Even in death, she seemed so much stronger
She would always be
Stronger than me

During my time in recovery

I would come to meet another woman who would come to love me
The woman who nursed me back to previous state of health
But around her I found myself shy, I was afraid to say what I felt
I had no right to ask her to love me
She would surely only have tragedy

One day my kind nurse did not come to me
But she left a note so I may know how she felt
She said that she was in love with myself
She did not expect me to love her for what was seen
So she did not realize her own beauty
Someone had been unkind to her, someone who steals...
Some parasite of life, who feeds off others dreams

From this point I knew what my fate was in store
To be an angel of death, the devil's own whore
To be a taker of life since mine had been so cursed
Perhaps this was fate all along
Perhaps fate had meant it to be this way
I was prepared for the path ahead of me

After my skill had led me to the top of my class
I met another person of this profession
Dusty was a beautiful girl with a deadly obsession
Our love would last until her time would pass
Until we were hired as enemies
My love's life was taken by me
Yet in her death she held me close and spoke:
"Perhaps no one is as wretched as you
And although death has torn us apart
My love will always be true
And I'll always be in your heart"
Perhaps no one is as wretched as me
Perhaps only time will tell
Then all that I have loved will wait
Some in Heaven some in Hell

Dusty did get me though
She shot me just below the heart
I wonder if she meant to miss it
But I was alive so what was I to do?
I stumbled onto the streets of the rich
And Anne found me, and cared for my health
So I stayed with Anne just for her wealth
Anne cared for me, for my face
So Anne followed me like a dog
Whatever the occasion, no matter the place

One day I never returned to her
So she wept, and accepted the truth
No matter how pretty her face
There was never really love between us
Once again reality became a blur
Once again, I can only loose

Once again, my soul changes pace
Once again, the only life for me is desolate

Then I wandered, with all the riches I procured
To spend my life alone, somewhere where there was peace
Then when I was finally alone I was sure
That I would involve no others in my grief
For the sake of all that was pure
I should never love again, even if I had love left in me
Alone, if no other word to describe my lifetime
Forever, then life would never have its time
With my pain... forever
Me and my grief... together

No matter where I would run to
Someone would find me in my turmoil... If only to add to the pain
But not her, not Martha
Her love was so true
Death... if that be the only way to tame
All those who live in pain
Then Martha was the angel
To my demise, and hers
When she fell ill I knew what would come
Some god would take her home
But if she left she mustn't tell me
That is something she must hide
Until I see her on the other side

Now I knew my life would soon end
Since I had lost so many of my friends
My curse would be over soon enough
Then my soul would be lay to rest
And death didn't seem very tough
It would be easier than life, I guess
I have never really changed since I met Sheila
She knew how to make me feel real
Dusty knew how to take away my breath
And Daphne was my little angel of death

And when the time came I was well prepared
I felt myself die
And the only thing left to do was sigh

Black Light

Piercing the soul, deep
Deeper than anyone ever might...
Think the soul goes, and this force does creep
The Creep and the sharpness of the light

Through realms of reason (without time)
The deepest and most sincere fright
Into this place, further than the mind
The glare of the black light

Somewhere deep within the soul
When our eyes are blind and evil thrives
Often one forgets the wisdom once told
One forgets we are limited in lives
But in this limitation we may find power and might
To search our souls for the black light

Death

Here I sit and these words I weep
From the shadows of my soul I speak
Through resurrection rights this pen will prevail
Only for a sincere audience I will unveil

When Death makes threats the end is near
But with self-realization one does not fear
One will go, when his time has passed
If one goes in peace, may that peace last

Though one in peace, many go in pain and cries
Those are the ones who lived in vane and lies
Those are the ones that did not know what *life* entails
And those are the ones in which fear prevails

Though truth is there, very few even try to find it
But when it is found, let the soul bind it
And let one have peace of mind
For there is rarely ever *enough* time

Here I sit and my weeping ceased
And in the shadow of death may I rest in peace

Dreams In Paint and Paper

Tomorrow's news on today's paper
The shaping of the world through political caper
The dreams upon that damn wall might still be alive
If the painter desired the freedom he expressed in her eyes
Her eyes, there, upon the wall which she remains sealed...
Sealed like our dreams, so repressed I can feel...
She never knew the political correctness of the world of the painter
She never knew his world, the world as a caper
But she knew of dreams in paint and paper

Far Away

Far away, too far from the start...
...far from the start, so far it feels...
...it feels that I have no heart...
...I have no heart so I do not feel...
...I do not feel, that even time can heal...
...even time can heal, but it would have to steal...
...steal what another feels...
...another feels pain, so I can feel joy...
...I can feel joy, if another feels (pain)...
...another feels (pain) and in turn they are slain...
...they are slain so that I can feel joy...
...I can feel joy, if I show no heart...
...I show no heart when I give you pain...
...I give you pain so I can feel joy...
Far away, too far to ever have a heart...

For (Lack Of) You

Time feels cold, what else would it do?
Blood runs weak in my veins, my heart beats slow
Time feels lonely, because I'm not with you
Even though we wish to, our love will never show

Bright light awakens me from another dream of you
I try to push it out of mind, but that is something I cannot do
Bright thoughts arise in mind, but I still wish for night
For dreaming is the only time that I may have you and hold you tight

Bright thoughts of blood trickle into mind
To be dead is to be asleep forever...
I would love to see you in flesh just one more time
But this last sight might calm my shivers

To calm my cold state in reality might make me change my mind
And since I can only hold you here, it is best I do not waste time

To love you, I will always love you, no matter what...
It seems that in my efforts I have failed to take, in your heart, any vital place
And although you hold me as more than a friend, my mind has now been shut
In my mind I dream of the rhyming of the rain and cry deeply into Styx's tidal wave

Freedom Is Almost Here

If not by words then right-of-way
Where my pen fails my sword will slay
Where my sword fails, my lead will take the lead
And into the greenest valleys will I plant the seeds
The seeds to spark freedom and revolution
In order to define ourselves as institutions
In order to claim what we all died for (in vain)
And take back freedom, with blood and pain
Do not say my way is evil with the cause of death
Ignorance never knew when to shut up and hold its breath
Ignorance never knew that some people still say what they mean
The ignorant ones say my prediction is merely a dream...

...We'll see about that...

Israfel

'Pluck, pluck' the sound of the lyre of Israfel
A sound so sweet, words cannot tell
A description fails to describe
The sound of Israfel's ambient vibes

'Twang, Twang' his lute sang
Followed by a 'clack' and a 'clang'
The rhythm was irregular, but the melody in place
Give him applause for showing a new face

'Twang, twang, click, clack, clang,' and a 'smack'
This does not make sense, take a step back
Israfel, set down your harp of gold, pass it along
For we can no longer understand your song

Japanese Steel

Japanese steel
Only time can heal
A cut, if not too deep
If so, you may sleep
Sleep, since you are dead
The cut (too deep) has claimed your head

Japanese steel
Nothing ever felt so real
Never did skin peel so easily
Never did sin come so readily

Japanese steel
Only time can heal
Unless the cut, too deep
If so, may your company weep
If not, hope *they* did not claim your head
If not, maybe that's why they're alive and you are dead

Musick To Play In The Dark

Moon musick, in light of the moon
Composed for the children born of the night's womb
Penned in crimson, spoken in gold
Read aloud to the stars, who swim in the moon's rivers cold

Bathed in mercury rivers of the moon
I will come to join you soon...
Come... to wrap you in my crimson cape
And caress you near my golden shape

Children of the moon
Born from the night's womb
Born with skin blue
And eyes silver, like mercury rivers

Drunken in mercury
Asleep with no swine
Creatures of the night
Oh... how you shine bright

Fire is my skin
It glows strangely in the moonlight
Your skin, it is silver
And its touch makes me shiver,
As my molten skin makes you quiver

Past Ideals

Ideals have passed, have left my grasp
Perhaps I have been in relapse

After I have aspired so much at a young age
I find myself content with my lack of rage as I take the time to pen this page

I find myself wasting time fooling with rhymes that will never amount to much at all
Much at all... amounts to nothing, lost in an oblivion of sorts, one into which nearly all good art falls

...As me, lost amidst, a mine of gold, but I am told that my eyes are blind,
So I pick amongst the rubble, taking the trouble to find this precious element, and I have found that I wasted
all my time

With disease and age, as an animal in a cage, to standing on the other side
The only thing I may hold onto is my self-respect, but only if I have no pride

Have no pride, since pride leads to conformity, a caring of what other people believe
Ideals are pure if they are yours, otherwise you are following what others have already achieved

Push Out Of Mind

When the day grows dark and I've thought over what was said
All I can hear is ambient sounds in my head
These sounds... voices?
Ambient sounds that breed in my head
Never forgetting a word that was said

These voices... sounds?
Sounds that mix, sounds that were said
I hear them all at once, looping round and round
The jungle of noise prevents any logic from being found
Everything that I've ever heard loops in my head

This tangle of sounds that cannot be grasped
Pressures me to do no more than relax
Ambient sounds that are harsh in tone
Allow me to be surrounded yet somehow alone

A divine puzzle that cannot be understood or fathomed?
An enigma so great that we give up hope to even try
It is much harder to understand than push out of mind

Scapegoat I

I stroll, casually through the desolate suburb streets of France
I watch the river, from the bridge, the scene is casual at first glance
Why not watch the police quiver?... as her soft body falls apart, with movements of the slight
As she wades naked, and breathless, and pale, with shallow.... (insight)

Little adulteress, they punished you for their sins; and this punishment might have been from any
man in any nation
My fragile doll, and a scapegoat for our generation

I almost love you for being an unwilling martyr; but that would defeat the purpose of your cruel fate...
...You died for the insecurities that man has nurtured with lies
Now you are dead, and we are redeemed by and from our hate

My Madonna, my whore - please, for me, I will make you cry...
You must, for man's satisfaction, cry aloud in fear, in our mind... man is never wrong
A scapegoat, for evil pride, a scapegoat, until that pride, and insecurity, have died and are gone

Scapegoat II

Her neck is soft in my hands
Her screams are muffled by my tight hold
Her face, in gentle countenance...
...Somewhat contorted to conform to the present event
But soon her skin will grow pale and cold
And her death is nothing less than heaven sent

My fragile doll, you have died for my sins as a martyr for hate
My scapegoat, you now cry... but for me, this is your fate
I almost love you, but that would defeat the glory in your death
I could kiss you, but my kiss would give you some breath
And if you are not slain, that would not help me cope
And if you are not in pain, then I will not gain hope

My little adulteress, no one will miss you more than me
Because my hate (that I give you), is more pure than any love you ever received
My precious whore, a scapegoat for our generation
A generation of the insecure, in the pride of a nation

Scapegoat III

A maiden of the sea
Floats on by me
A pale beauty in the river
One who does not shiver
Though shiver I would if I were beside you
If I were you, then I would have floated on by you...
But only since that is what you have done to me this cold season
Only because of that, and for no other reason

Your sight is sad, yet I have seen more melancholy
Your image is surreal from the bank that I kneel
Ironically surreal, because of the feeling I feel
And for no other reason, does your sight stop me

You were a whore for one, and died for his sins and his crimes
A significant death, the hands that strangled you could have been mine
Or any other man for that matter, my little scapegoat-of-our-time
It could have been my pride or insecurity that placed you there...
And there you drift, because of the river's tide
And here I stop, to do no more than stare
Because you were a martyr for my sins, and I don't act like I care
My little adulteress, those who lied said life is fair

Take No Prisoners

Invade the tyrants so we can sell a politician to a gullible nation
Control the world so we are the ones who imprison *us*
Anarchy is closer with every promise a politician breaks
When anarchy arises, freedom is what we will take
And taking prisoners of ourselves is not our plan...
As yours is, with an attempt to regress us
Take no propaganda from the man
Take no prisoners of those who oppress us

The Angelic Conversion

Lost among the sun and moon and dawn, dusk transform into each other
The sun is a guardian, and the moon is your child, your young wild lover
Adrift amongst the failed faiths and forgotten woes of the dying gods
You find yourself amiss with who you are, you find yourself crying and overcome by sleep, you nod

Into an oblivion of pain and regretful madness
You remember the times you were wrong were the times you were the happiest
Perhaps I shall be so kind as to arrange a metamorphosis if you agree
And you can be buried in the sun's fiery flames
Here, so you can have the comfort of warmth and love but you will not be free
Here you will be given an Angelic name

The moon falls as the sun rises high and the child is our moon
The child is lost without our light, and we must protect them from the darkness of the night

The Blood Red Raspberry Vine

Somewhere in the nooks of my mind
There is an image of the raspberry vine
The one we would sit at, and pass our time
Where you kissed me, as a friend of mine

The memories exist
Although vague and obscure
The time that you tried to resist
But why, when you had long since been impure?

I swore that I loved you... you, a friend of mine
So I kissed you by the blood-red raspberry vine
But when I did, you only cried
Why did you kiss me first? All I ask is why...?

I swore that you loved me, somewhere deep inside
So I did not bother to force myself on you, and all you wished to hide...
All you wished to hide... for vanity or pride
But you took mine without a second thought about love, death, or life

The blood-red raspberry vine,
And the memories of that place are etched in my mind
Somewhere, in there. I can find it if I take the time
Time... it has been a while since I have seen your sweet face...
I wonder if it is the same since I left you in that place,
The place of the blood-red raspberry vine, don't you remember?
A place of lies and a portal of time,
Time... because there is no other word to describe what you mean to me
You never knew that my feelings change like seasons
But your blood was never spilt for the wrong reasons

These Elements

As I look in the mirror I can't help but wonder
I can't help but ponder how we are whole
How did this come about, a blunder?
And what is this thing called 'soul'?

These elements, some rare, some near
Come together to form,
They form this vessel of love and fear
These elements, some far, some norm

As I touch the mirror I can't help but feel
That something else holds us together
Elements of love and hate, are they real?
Then what can be said of elements of pleasure?
If we dive into the mirror, into the soul's mind
There we might find rarer elements of a different kind...

Elements of good and evil
Elements of gods and devils
Elements that we have grown to love and fear
These elements, some far, some near

In this mirror we can examine ourselves to find
The elements which compose the mind
Elements of the spirit, not the physical kind
Elements by which body and soul were managed to bind
Elements which some god or devil stole
These elements that compose the soul

Wry

Wry, to twist and turn in time
To change and contort into the counter
Once twisted and turned, then you will find
A sentence of a different kind

Wry, to twist and turn the words and rhyme
To make new combinations, of different kinds
Now it is the counter of what was once written
Now it is too contorted to tell, so must be a different kind
Words, they are written at a different time
Then are jumbled to make variations of rhymes
These variations are like the original, accept wry

Wry is the original, accept a variation of kind
One that has been contorted and twisted to rhyme
Wry, since all things change with time
To form new combinations, to see how many we can find

A Drop Of Water

a drop of water

the water rippled into a great storm

that is our love and you are the drop

A Lone Flower

a lone flower in my desert
so beautiful the gardens of the earth have envy

Haiku

a drop of water
born from the sky, the world's peak
it falls to the earth

from earth it rises
destined to be born again
ascending to sky

a bird finds a drink
the water is very nice
the bird chirps, peep peep

a bird finds no drink
forgets to care about it
the bird chirps, peep peep

the sparrow flies high
the other flies much higher
they like to play games

turtle dove dive deep
the other dove will follow
it dives much deeper

a child plays catch
the marble falls to the floor
it rolls on the ground

another day gone
who mourns the pass'd day
who mourns this moment

when the moon rises
light reveals the mystery
the unknown, shadows

nothing to do
even IRC is dead
i'll write a haiku

two grapes on the vine
one grows high, one near the earth
aspiration distilled

no complaints in lows
quiet pride in the good times
complacent being

a sweet ripe berry
'neath miles of thick, sharp vine
it has once been said

is it best for them?
sometimes true love has to know
when to be silent

little bird, spellbound
in a voluntary cage
yet is free to sing

another bird
circles 'round
free yet cannot leave

[untitled]

A burning fire lights my desolate living room
The room in which I once held her
She- who has since passed, leaving behind her other half
Years have passed since we planted the tree
Which we nurtured, which existed as a symbol of our own existence
Our profound love and care, the tree grew miraculously quick
It bared fruit, she would soon as well-
Until that fateful night when a fever struck
Our child did not survive
Long did the fever last, boiling the mind
This woman of my affection became afflicted in her sanity
And her illness continued
A terrible storm arrived on day, a cold wind blew through
This was the end-
A terrible lightning bolt crashed down upon our tree
It crashed to the ground with a sound of thunder
My love has passed- All that remains is the wood upon the fire
Of our love, of our proof of existence, of our tree
With the embers of the final log- my life must too expire